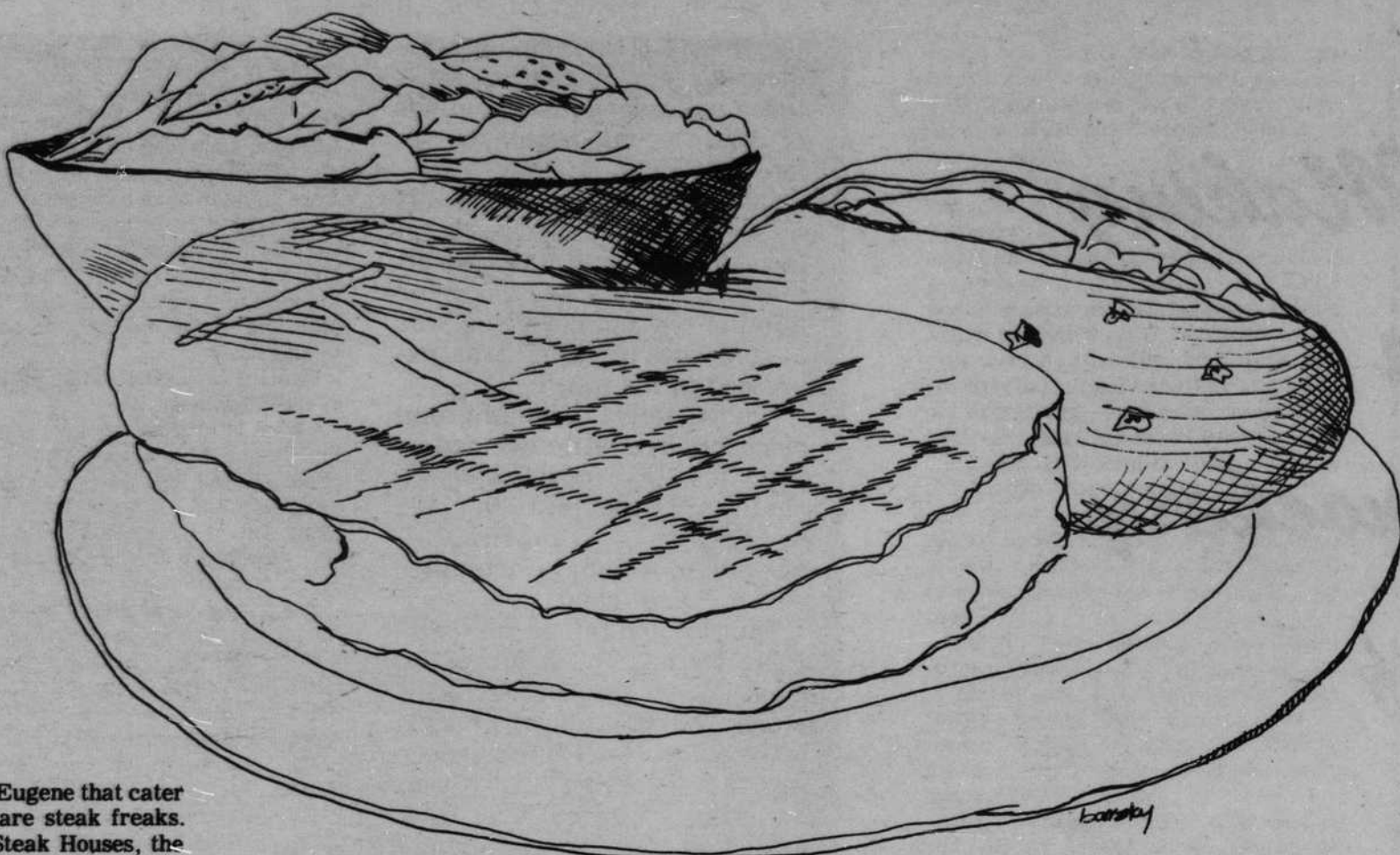


restaurants

Catering to the steak freak



There are four franchises in Eugene that cater exclusively to those of us who are steak freaks. They include the three Sizzler Steak Houses, the Branding Iron, Mr. Steak and the Black Angus.

Sizzlers
405 Highway 99 North
29th & Willamette
Mayfair Shopping Center at Coburg Road

Sizzler is the McDonald's of the steak business. All of their T-Bones look and taste just like all of their T-bones at any other location. The prices are fairly reasonable, ranging from less than a dollar for a hamburger to three bucks for a New York steak. Despite their uniformity the steaks are quite good and substantial. With the larger steaks toast and a choice of potato is included. I must say something about the toast. It is very good, invariably fresh and warm — much better than the stale remains proffered by some places.

Mr. Steak
1861 Franklin Blvd.

This place is slightly less of an assembly line operation than Sizzler and the prices are slightly higher, ranging from a buck and a half to four dollars. The steaks are large and retain most of their original flavor. Their Teriyaki Steak is quite good and like the other dinners comes with salad, choice of potato and toast. They have an irritating

policy of not accepting checks, so be forewarned. In all the food is good but the atmosphere is intensely boring.

Branding Iron
579 East Broadway

This place is not boring — it is very Eugene. It has been around for a very long time and is something of a local fixture. There is a bar in addition to the restaurant. The B.I. is quite small but the atmosphere is pleasant. The service is swift and excellent but the waiters are not obsequious. This place is expensive however. Dinners come with salad and choice of potato and range from three to eight dollars. My one complaint about this restaurant is it is so damned dark you can't see your dinner companion or sometimes even your food. The steaks are large and well-prepared.

At this point it is necessary to elaborate on a grave injustice perpetrated on some of us carnivores. For those of you who like steak cooked Medium or Rare, you will probably have your wished obeyed. However those of us who prefer our meat cooked, i.e. Medium Well or Well Done, are subject to cruel retribution by some restaurateurs. In some perverted sort of revenge these cooks cremate any steak ordered Well Done

and deliver the ashes to the unsuspecting diner. The Branding Iron, however, is not such an establishment and does a good job no matter how you order your steak.

The Black Angus
2123 Franklin Blvd.

Speaking of atmosphere this place is really weird. In the center of the dining room are translucent orange booths which look like transporter chambers out of STAR TREK. However, don't let this dissuade you from the food. Once you get used to the orange people staring at you, you can enjoy steak at a very reasonable cost. The lunches are two bucks and the dinner four-fifty. Included are garlic-cheese bread and salad. There is a bar adjacent to the dining area. This place is quite popular with businessmen and it's occasionally necessary to make reservations on weekends.

All of the places I have mentioned are within easy walking distance of campus except the Sizzlers, which are practically everywhere else.

With the battle cry of "Damn the meat boycott, full speed ahead," set forth and sample their bloody wares.

Josh Marquis

NUC
presents



MEMORIES OF UNDER DEVELOPMENT

Thursday April 19
7pm and 9:30 177 Lawrence

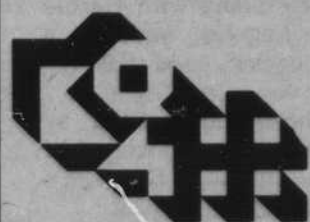
"MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT is clearly a masterpiece — a film that is intricate, ironic and extremely intelligent . . . the film is the last word on the ultimate outsider, a bourgeois landlord named Sergio (wonderfully played by Sergio Corrieri, whose detached style suggests Marcello Mastroianni). The time is 1961 and Sergio has chosen to remain in his opulent apartment rather than flee with his wife, family and middle-class friends to Miami. Frozen at his emotional center, Sergio is a blocked writer who refuses to wade in the revolutionary cultural mainstream. 'I always try to live like a European,' he says. He has an affair with a 17 year-old aspiring actress, but even his wife's clothing and his tutoring fail to raise her from underdevelopment . . . Director Alea saves his dry statement for the fade-out. While other Cubans are preparing for a U.S. attack during the 1962 missile crisis, Sergio coolly, detachedly, watches them through binoculars." —Arthur Cooper, NEWSWEEK

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